

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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## Selected Poetry.

**True Loveliness.**  
She who thinks a noble heart  
Better than a noble mien;  
Honors virtue more than art,  
Though 'tis less in fashion seen;  
Whate'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who deems that loward grace  
Far surpasses outward show;  
She who values less the face  
Than that which her soul can throw;  
Whate'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires  
Something more than lip of dew;  
That when love's brief rose expires,  
Love itself will with it too—  
Whate'er her fortune be,  
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

## Story for the Ladies.

### KILLING AN OLD MAN.

It was shortly after the opening of the great exhibition of 1851 that I set sail from England for the gold fields of New South Wales, with a heart brimful of hope and expectation, and pockets, boxes, and portmanteaus made of sufficiently capacious dimensions to hold any amount of the precious metal (when found), in addition to my somewhat scanty wardrobe.

Well do I remember the packing of that black leather portmanteau, and the swallow-tailed dress coat that my mother would insist upon putting in, although, having a presentiment that such articles of apparel were not *commodi* *faust* at the gold fields, I vigorously resisted the measure. I also remember the many dozen pairs of warm socks that had been manufactured with sisterly affection and gray worsted, by the five girls—from Julia the eldest, aged nineteen, down to Susan the youngest, just turned nine. Finally, I have a distinct memory of how my maiden aunt, on the strength of her sixteen stone weight, jumped upon the aforesaid portmanteau and performed a kind of waltz thereon, so as to enable Tom the groom and Mary the housemaid to strap and look it, and how, after many tears being shed by my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and my maiden aunt in particular, I was whisked away to the railway station in order to catch the 9.45 a. m. train for London.

I will not dwell on the voyage out, because it was very much like other voyages. Suffice it to say that in just a hundred days we arrived at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and here I discovered that the favorite gold field of the day was at Ophir, near Bathurst, 145 miles up the country. Here some tremendous finds had lately been made, and people had been turning up nuggets like an Irishman shovels up potatoes.

In due time, after a fortnight's weary journey in an ox cart, which also contained my cradle, my pick and shovel, my tent, and other camp requisites, as well as all my personal baggage, I arrived at the gold fields.

I found Ophir then a peculiar and yet a romantic looking place. Two hills rose in a pyramid shape toward the sky, both covered with gentle undulations, both thinly timbered to their summits. The lower slopes of these hills were thickly dotted with diggers' tents, and the Summer Hill creek wound right around their base.

At the time I reached this gold field the diggings there were estimated to cover an extent of 300 miles, though eight months previously the existence of gold in any part of Australia was utterly unknown.

I lost no time in pitching my tent and making out a claim, and 24 hours later I was as hard at work as the rest of them.

My tent was pitched in close proximity to one occupied by two strong, burly fellows of the old convict class, or at least such I set them down to be, on account of the odd way in which I fancied each of them lifted the left leg in walking, a peculiarity appertaining to most men who have been accustomed to persimble in leg-irons for any length of period. These men were always very kind to me, and of course I was the

samo to them; and yet, somehow or other, I contracted a dread of them, which I could neither overcome nor combat; and when sometimes one or the other of them would stroll up, pipe in mouth, to the edge of my pit, and ask me how I was getting on, I used to fancy that it was only done to see whether I was turning up anything good, and consequently worth robbing; and I used to conceal my gold in all sorts of out-of-the-way places to elude their suspected designs.

One night I heard a horrid revelation that confirmed all my suspicions against these men. And now I come to the very subject matter of my story.

I have said that my tent adjoined that of my two mysterious acquaintances; in fact, the canvas of one tent touched that of the other; and from my tent I could hear the conversation they carried on in theirs very plainly. I had never before listened to their discourse, but one night, just as I was retiring to bed, I heard one say to the other: "Yes, this little knife did it for him; I killed the old man with one blow, sir."

The horrible admission staggered me, and I felt that I must listen to the end of the discourse now, at whatever risk to myself; so I glued my ear to the canvas in time to hear his mate rejoice: "Did you, now? And did the fellow resist you?"

"Faith and he did," replied the assassin. "He grasped me till he nearly pressed the life out of me, and tried to rip me up with his spur; but I drove the knife into him up to the hilt, and then cut his head off."

"Bravo, Charlie!" cried the other; "that makes the seventh old man we've killed since our arrival in the colonies, don't it?"

"No, the eighth," was the reply. "Don't you remember the black fellow?"

"Oh, aye, to be sure, right you are," said the other; "but what have you done with the illustrious dead in this present instance?"

"Why, I left the body in the bush, with the exception of the legs, which are here in the tent."

The conversation here ceased, and was not resumed; in fact, a stentorian snoring soon told me that it was very improbable that it would be so for that night, at the least; so I crept into my bed, not to sleep (how could I, after so horrible a discovery?) but to reflect upon all that I had heard.

"The eighth old man they had killed! and one of them an unfortunate black fellow! Oh, the wretched miscreants!" I muttered to myself; and then my mind wandered away, and I wondered why it was that they always murdered old men—how it was that their last victim tried to rip his murderer up with a spur, such an extraordinary weapon of defence, and what on earth had induced the assassin to cut off his victim's legs and bring them into his tent. At last, however, I did sink into a disturbed, unrefreshing slumber, and was afflicted by a frightful dream in which I fancied that one of my next door neighbors was kneeling on my chest and cutting my throat from ear to ear.

My dream had, in fact, some slight foundation, for I was awakened by a rough hand shaking me by the shoulder; and my eyes, on opening them, rested on the rough, bearded face of the very man I had been dreaming of.

I was about to scream "murder!" for I thought that my last hour had come; but glancing around I saw that it was broad daylight, and that the fellow was merely asking me for a match to light his pipe with. This I immediately gave him, and he went away with a muttered expression of thanks.

That day, instead of going to work, I set out for the tent of the police commissioner, and after a long walk succeeded in reaching it. I had to wait a very long time before I was granted an audience; but when I was ushered into the presence of the dread functionary, and told him as succinctly as possible the circumstances of the case, and how I had heard the rascals confess their numerous crimes, and particularly their last murder, the proofs whereof were within their tent, the enthusiasm of the commissioner was fully aroused, and he felt as anxious for their capture and punishment as myself. He suggested that two police men, disguised as diggers and well armed, should come to my tent that evening on the pretence of paying me a visit as old acquaintances, and that after it was dark, and the two murderers had turned in for the night, we should rush into their tent and secure them.

This was a very feasible plot, and I heartily entered into it; so I

minutely described the position of my tent, and to make it still more easily discoverable, promised that a bright red pocket handkerchief should be hanging on some conspicuous part of it, as though to dry, and having made all these arrangements, I took my leave.

"Well, I got back to my abode about one o'clock in the afternoon, and after a hasty meal, not wishing to lose a whole day, I went to my claim, and set to for a three hours' dig. Strange to say, I had not been at work five minutes when I came across a pretty little nugget, of about the size of a walnut, and a few minutes later picked out another as large as a crab apple. I was about to pocket the latter, when I looked up and saw one of the assassins gazing down on me.

"'Lucky find, mate!' said he, with a broad grin, that in my prejudiced mind seemed to say, 'Aye, but it will be mine before long.'"

"'Pretty well,' I replied, brusquely, and he walked away.

"I found no more nuggets on that occasion; and at 5 o'clock, I knocked off and made my way to my tent, where, after a good wash, I pulled an old gin case outside, sat down on it, lighted my pipe, and coolly awaited the arrival of my visitors.

"I had not to wait long. I presently observed two strongly framed men strolling leisurely in my direction, as though merely sauntering at random through the diggings. As they came opposite to me, one of them started, and, addressing me, exclaimed: "Hello, Ted; how long have you been at Ophir? and where did you hail him up from last?" and stepping up he grasped me warmly by the hand.

"Seeing what was expected of me, I heartily returned the pressure, saying, in a loud tone, "Why, about three weeks. But when did you leave Sydney? Come in, man, and bring your friend with you. Old friends like you and me should lig up before questions are asked and answered," and inside we all three of us went.

One of the two men that we wanted to catch was an eye and ear witness of all this scene, but it was so naturally enacted that no suspicions that my two acquaintances were detectives could have entered his head.

I found that each of my visitors was armed with a revolver and a pair of hand cuffs. They were both strong, powerful men, and more than a match for the others in every way. The plan, however, to make all things certain, and to prevent any unnecessary spilling of blood, was to wait until the ruffians were in their beds and asleep, when we were to steal in, and try and handcuff them before they could wake up.

We had to wait many weary hours for this time to arrive, but at last the snoring commenced in earnest, and this was our signal. Handcuffs in hand, the detectives crept into the adjoining tent. I followed them with my revolver leveled, in case that one or both the rascals should wake up and be too quick for them. They did not wake up, and the irons were clasped around and locked on their wrists without their even twinkling an eyelid.

But now they were roughly awakened, and the senior officer said, "Tom Jackson and Bill Wilton, I arrest you for willful murder. You must both of you get up and come along with us. I am Detective Sinclair, of the New South Wales police."

I never saw two men so struck with consternation and surprise as were these two worthies. At last one of them gasped out: "Murder! Willful murder! Detective Sinclair! Why, you must all be mad."

"The evidences of their crime are in this tent, remember," I said to Sinclair, nudging him with my elbow. "Let us search for the limbs of their last slaughtered victim."

The hint was promptly acted upon. We seized spades and picks, and in ten minutes every inch of the ground covered by the tent was turned over to a yard in depth.

No old man's legs were found; but we were not to be daunted, and proceeded to ransack the tent all over, still without any old man's legs turning up, though we spied two fine hind legs of a kangaroo hanging up in an obscure corner.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked one of the prisoners. "Are you convinced that you are on some wild goose chase? Use, take these cursed irons off and be gone."

"No, we are not so convinced," answered Sinclair, with some asperity. "This worthy gentleman," pointing to me, "heard you confess last night to having murdered no less than eight old men, and such crimes will have to be accounted for. He heard you confess, too, to having hid the legs of

your last victim in this tent; but doubtless you have this day removed them to some more secure hiding place."

"He told you that, did he? the young donkey," screamed one of the accused, with a hyena-like laugh. "And so we have, too—old man kangaroos—and there are the legs we spoke of hanging up in that corner ready for to-morrow's pie. Ah! ha! ha! he has brought you on a fool's errand, sure enough," and the roars of laughter the two men indulged in fairly shook the tent.

Both detectives looked fearfully annoyed, and yet they could not help laughing. Without a word to me they took the handcuffs off the men and returned them to their pockets. Then Sinclair said: "What will you take to keep this matter a secret? You see, through this unfortunate new chum's blunder, we shall get laughed off the diggings, unless you choose to be merciful. I'll give you a £5 note out of my own pocket if you will keep this unfortunate affair dark."

"I will supplement Sinclair's offer with the largest of the nuggets I dug up to-day," I said, feeling that if being laughed at was the general dread, I stood in the worst position of the trio.

"Hang your bribes!" was the retort. "I would not give up the chance of circulating so glorious a yarn for ten times the value of what you offer. However, I will tell it as leniently as possible. And as for this new chum," turning to me, "when I first came to the colony, I and my mate here were both of us green enough to have made just as stupid a blunder; so I can't blame him. Come, let us sit down and have a drink all round of real old Jamaica rum, of which we have an unbroached keg in stock."

The invitation was readily accepted, and we kept it up until day break with frog, songs and toasts.

So ended the tragedy of "killing an old man," which I now learnt was a name universally bestowed on a large male kangaroo. These animals, when attacked, are very ferocious, and if they cannot get away, and are engaged at close quarters, will clasp you with their short fore legs, and pressing you tightly against their chest will raise one of their strong hind legs, which is armed with a terribly long, strong, and knife-shaped spur, and rip you right down with it, causing almost instant death. When hunted with dogs, the "old man" will generally, when once at bay, disembowel two or three of his canine adversaries before he is dragged down and dispatched, and the human foe is sometimes served in the same manner.

These two terrible murderers, as I thought them, turned out to be two right good fellows; one had been a cornet in a crack cavalry regiment at home, the other a private in the church of England. We soon became fast friends and partners in what turned out afterwards to be a well paying claim, and in the year 1867 we all returned to old England rich men.

### The Publication of Births.

The publication of notices of births is rapidly gaining ground in various sections of this country, and has long since been the case in England, France and Germany, and, in fact, in nearly all parts of Europe. The feeling of false delicacy which has so long existed in connection with this important and essential feature of human economy is fast giving way to more enlightened views on the subject, and in a little while the habit of announcing births will be as common and fixed in all parts of the country as that of publishing marriages and deaths. And why not? The fact of being born is just as patent and necessary, and just as proper moreover, as that of getting married or dying. There should, therefore, be no more hesitation in making it known in one case than in the other. Besides, such publications are of great importance as public records in furnishing vital statistics in which all are interested, and of hardly less value as a means of preventing impostures and in the establishment of identity, heirships, etc., where other evidences do not exist. It is only necessary for heads of families to get over the old maidish feeling that it is adventurous or vulgar to make public these interesting domestic events, to inaugurate a custom in favor of which many sound reasons exist, and against which no valid objection can be urged by any well-meaning person.

[Charleston News.]

### HUMAN NATURE IS A BAD CLOCK.

It may go right now and then, or be made to strike the hour, but its inward frame is apt to go wrong.

### An Act

TO PROVIDE FOR THE CONSTRUCTION AND THE KEEPING IN REPAIR OF PUBLIC HIGHWAYS AND ROADS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That all able bodied male persons, and all male persons able to perform, or cause to be performed, the labor herein required, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, shall be liable annually to perform such days' labor on the public highways and roads as shall not exceed ten days, in one year, under the direction of the Commissioners of the County in which he shall reside: Provided, That if any person, being warned as hereinafter provided, shall pay to the County Treasurer of the County in which he may reside the sum of one dollar per day, after being notified by the County Commissioners, the same shall be received in lieu of such labor, and shall be applied by the said Commissioners to the construction and repair of high ways and roads in the precinct to which they belong.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Commissioners of each and every County in this State to order out every such person, resident as aforesaid, between the first Monday in December and the first Monday in August, annually, to do and perform the work aforesaid on the public highways and roads in their respective Counties; and if any such resident, being personally warned by such Commissioners, or by having a written notice served at his place of residence, shall refuse or neglect, having had at least three days' notice, to attend by himself, or substitute equally able to perform said duty as himself, or having attended, shall refuse to obey the directions of the said Commissioners, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined by the County Commissioners, in a sum not less than five nor more than fifteen dollars, the same to be collected as other judgments.

SEC. 3. In case any person shall remove from one County to another, who has, prior to such removal, performed the whole or any part of the labor aforesaid, or in any other way has paid the whole or any part of the amount aforesaid in lieu of such labor, and shall produce a certificate of the same from the Commissioners of the proper County, such certificate shall be a complete discharge for the amount therein specified.

SEC. 4. Any person called upon to perform any labor upon the public highways and roads, under the provisions of this Act, shall by himself or substitute appear at the place appointed by the Commissioners at the hour of eight o'clock in the forenoon, with such necessary tools and implements as the Commissioners may direct; and if necessary for the construction or repair of the highway or road, order any person owning the same to furnish a team of horses, mules or oxen, and wagon, cart, plow or scraper, to be employed and used upon the said highway or road under their direction.

SEC. 5. For the purposes provided for under the preceding Sections of this Act, the residence of any person who has a family shall be held to be where his family resides, and the residence of any other person shall be held to be where he boards, in any County in this State.

SEC. 6. In all cases a man, horse, plow and cart, shall be equivalent to three days' labor; a man, wagon and two horses shall be equivalent to five days' labor; and so in proportion for all teams and wagons used by and under the directions of said Commissioners. And the County Commissioners are hereby authorized to appoint Sub-Commissioners in each Township, to superintend the repairing of roads and highways in the different counties of the State.

SEC. 7. That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 8. That this Act shall take effect immediately after its passage.

Approved March 1, 1870.

### The Great Cause of Unhappiness.

Harsh judgment, rough words, small but frequent acts of selfishness and injustice, sometimes quite poison the heart that promised to be healthy, and curse the start that promised to be blessed.

There are families which possess every earthly comfort, health, money and occupation, but are miserable from the jealousy and quarreling that prevail within them. There are married couples who live in daily sorrow, not because they are in want, but because each thinks the other unkind, arbitrary and inconsiderate.

Young people sometimes marry with their eyes shut; and thus instead of being mated with angels, as they foolishly imagined they might be, they find out afterwards that they are only men and women, with the common work-a-day weakness and faults of their respective sex. This sham love easily gets soiled, and then each reproaches the other for not fulfilling the sentimental prospects with which they entered into the married state.

Take any of the relationships of life, and we should find that far the greater part of all our sorrow comes from the same cause. Get any to tell you honestly what gives him the most annoyance and disquietude, and he will tell you they come from want of kindness, sympathy and fellow feeling. He will tell you that he could bear other things if he only met with more consideration, support and encouragement from the people with whom he has to do.

### Effect of Forests on Health.

It seems to be generally understood among scientific observers that forests, and even a few rows of trees, often have great effect in checking miasmatic vapors. It has been observed that a screen of trees in certain localities in Italy, protected the inhabitants from fevers which were prevalent upon the other side of them. Certain commissioners in the Tuscan advise the planting of three or four rows of white poplars to intercept the current of air from malarious localities. Lieut. Manly believed that a few rows of sunflowers planted between the Observatory at Washington and the Potomac marshes, had saved the inmates of the Observatory from the intermittent fevers to which they had been formerly liable, and large plantations of sunflowers have been planted in alluvial soils in Italy with favorable results in preventing the spread of noxious exhalations from the marshes.

It is supposed that the plants or trees not only act mechanically to check the unhealthy current, but also chemically to render the noxious effluvia harmless by decomposing it.

The uniform temperature and humidity of forests, except in tropical climates, are considered favorable to health. Even the great swamps of Virginia are found to be healthy both to blacks and whites until portions of the forest are felled, when by rapid decomposition they become insalubrious, and even dangerous.

Upon the whole, it would seem that for comfort, for fertility of soil, and for health, as well as for convenience, economy, and last, but not least, the beauty of the landscape, we ought carefully to cherish our native forest and encourage artificial plantations.

[Judge French.]

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the sun of righteousness.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection.

If we scrutinize the living of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

MARRIAGE.—No man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It's all nonsense, planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a soft spot to fall in, a steeple-chase.—You come down in the very middle of your speculations.

Whoever heard of a man doing a good business that didn't advertise? Yet there are a number of merchants in this city who continually complain of lack of customers, who have no advertisement in the papers asking their patronage. Oh, ye close-fisted men! the people know the liberal man by his advertisements, and patronize him in preference to the one whose heart seems calloused to all such acts.

### GRAPE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

The use of grapes, according to accounts frequently published during the past two or three years, has been very successfully applied to the cure of consumption, in its earlier and less decided stages in particular. The "grape process" is conducted now to a considerable extent on the banks of the Rhine, where several physicians have establishments in which patients afflicted with consumption, or with deranged digestive organs, are treated by eating grapes, as in other places they are by drinking water. The patients assemble in the gardens twice a day, and each fills a basket with the grapes, under the watchful eye of a special doctor. They then sit down to slowly suck the juices of the fruit, while lively music is played in their hearing. From four to six weeks is the time required for a cure. This story, if true, may prove a sad discouragement to doctors and proprietors of quack medicines which are upheld to cure consumption; but we believe the main virtue of the "grape process" will be found in the regularity of habits which the treatment otherwise imposes. A gentleman for many years connected with a celebrated water-cure told us that this imposition of regularity in sleeping, eating, drinking, bathing and walking, constituted all the virtue that existed in the water-cure process.

[Chicago Republican.]

### CHIGNON.—

There is a lady in Washington who wears her own fair hair without a chignon, which fact deserves mention in honor of the one sensible woman of the age who does not disgrace herself with the current vils wad. No one is deceived by these monstrous tumors into believing any other thing than by their assumption is indicating a woful lack of that long hair which is the glory of woman in the persons wearing them. They defile collars, they exhale grave-yard savors, and do away with one of the pleasantest part of a woman's head, next to her face—the round shapely noddle, to wit, or beauty unadorned. Even the close shorn "poll" of a bruiser is preferable in a judicious eye to the back brain of a pretty woman fouled up with a mass of horse-hair, sea moss, and dead folk's tresses. A way with it, then, good ladies. The summer is nigh, and its heat may reveal those taints of the chignon which the cold of the winter has kept under check.

### TO DESTROY MOLES.—

Make corn meal into dough with water in the usual way. Mix therewith a small portion of arsenic. At the breaking up of cold weather in the Spring, when the moles first begin to travel forth, break through their roads and deposit a lump about the size of a marble, and cover again with a clod of dirt to exclude the light. Do this at many points and the moles soon disappear.

It has sometimes been asserted that it is not the moles that does the damage, but a mouse that follows in the wake. Indubitable reasons exist for believing that the moles partake of the poison and are destroyed, and that whether the injury to crops is done by the moles or mice the evil ceases after a thorough application of the above.

[Carolina Farmer.]

### The Prussian Government has

military maps of every foot of its territory, so complete that every hill, ravine, brooklet, field and forest is delineated with perfect accuracy. It is a common boast of Prussian military men, within eight days 850,000 men can be concentrated to the defence of any single point within the kingdom.

### One of the convicts of the Michigan State Prison, getting tired of his trip-hammer and had them smashed to shreds. He had five months to serve. This is the second time that such an act of self-mutilation, for the same reason, has occurred in the Penitentiary.

### In Nevada, recently, the people met and unanimously "resolved that the Indian of poetry and romance is not the Indian in fact, the latter being possessed of every attribute of beastly depravity and ferocity."

### Have hope in despair, confidence amid surrounding dangers, and the cheering hope of a glorious immortality, while the dark night of the grave rests upon the horizon of earth.

"Write me as one who loves his fellow man," as the cannibal said to the missionary.